

# Dad and the Red Light

*by* Bill Yarrow

My father is twenty-two years old. He's  
stopped at a light at Broad and Market.  
He sees a man in a tan jacket start to cross  
in front of him. All of a sudden, the man  
disappears. The light turns green. Confused,  
my father gets out and walks to the front  
of his car. A guy is face down on the ground,  
his head wedged in front of the passenger wheel.  
He selected my father as his agent of suicide.

I've been held hostage by this story ever since  
I was told it when I was fourteen or so. My dad  
was trying to teach me the importance of checking  
things out. Then I saw, all his life, wannabe suicides  
flit towards him like moths. He saved them all.

